

Archie
COMICS

NO. 15
NOV.

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COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



THE FLINTSTONES



"FrankenStone's
MONSTER!"

GEE, FRED!
IT SUDDENLY GOT
CH-CHILLY!



SCOTT JERALDS/
SCOTT AWLEY

THE FLINTSTONES

in FRANKENSTONE'S MONSTER!



WOW! OUR NEW NEIGHBOR, DR. FRANKENSTONE, SURE LIVENS UP THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

NEATO!

OUCH!

BOOM!

KA-BOOM!

KEEP OUT
DR. BORIS FRANKENSTONE
GENIUS

THE FLINTSTONES

NEATO? YOU MEAN NUTTO, BARNEY!!

CAPTAIN CAVEMAN vs. MIGHTOR

LOCKMAN-HALLER-HILL



WHAT ARE YOU INVENTING NOW, DR. FRANKENSTONE?

CLUNK!



A COCONUT CRACKER, I GUESS, MR. FLINTSTONE!

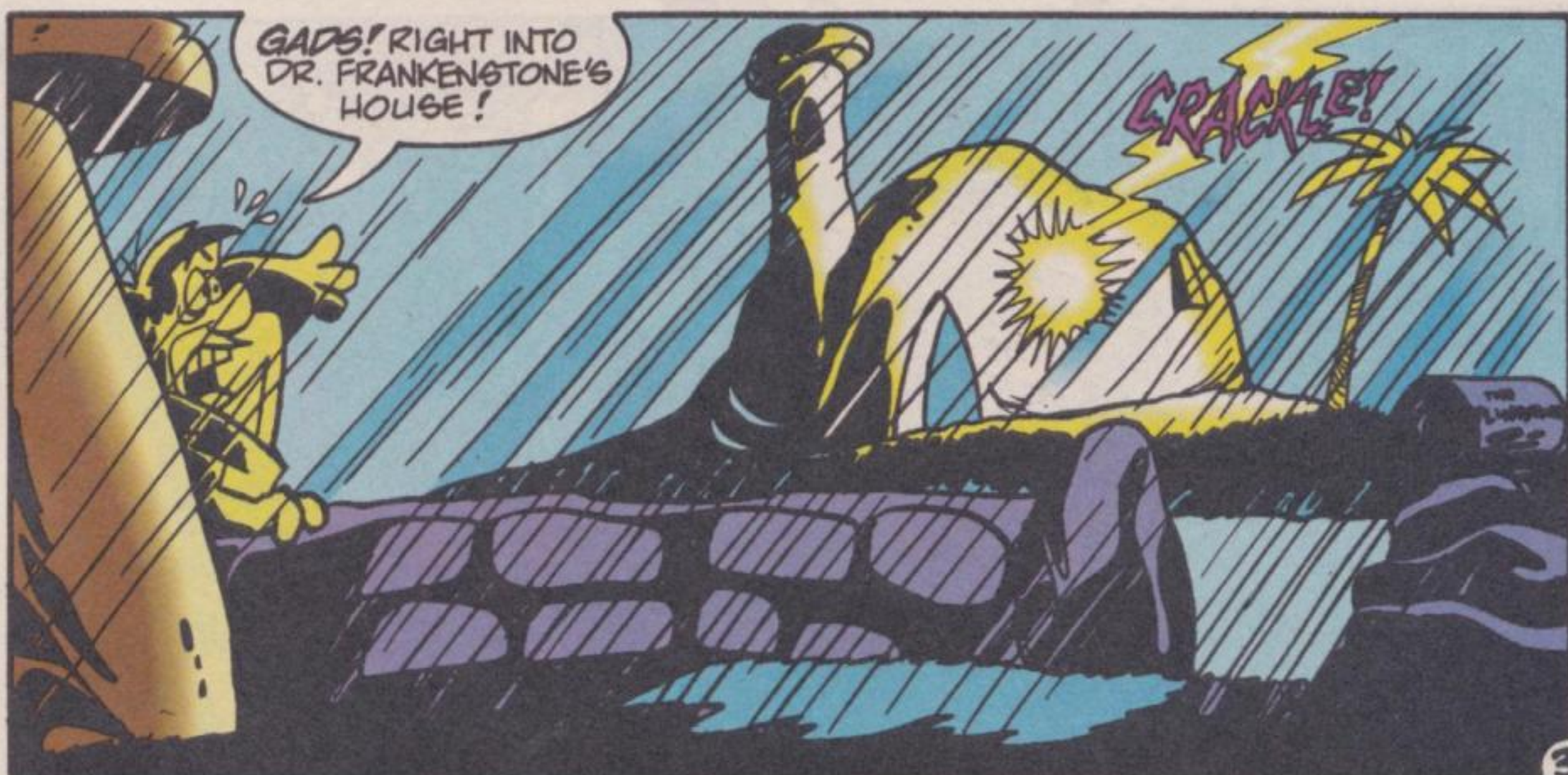
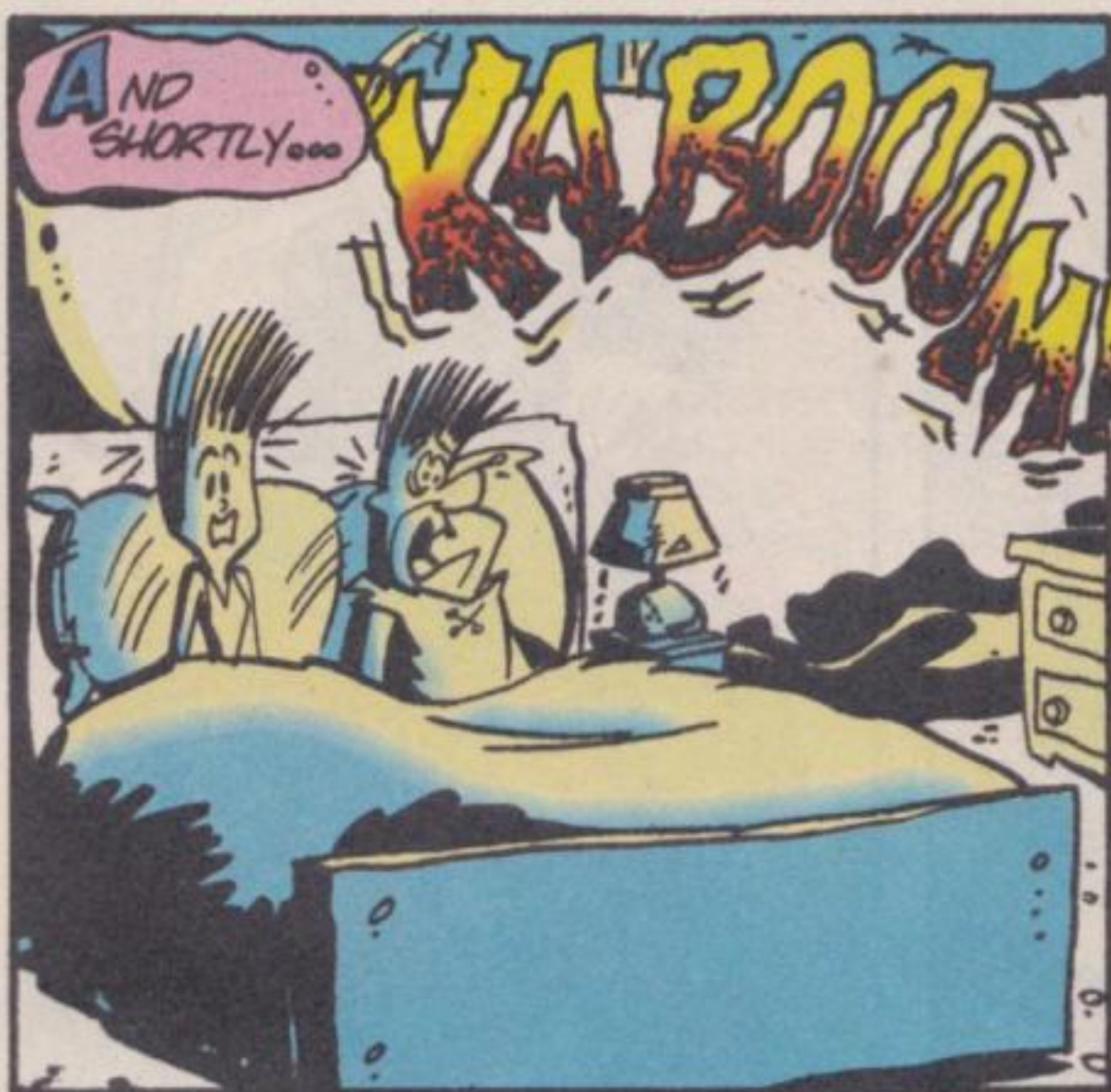


HERE, LET ME HELP YOU BACK IN...

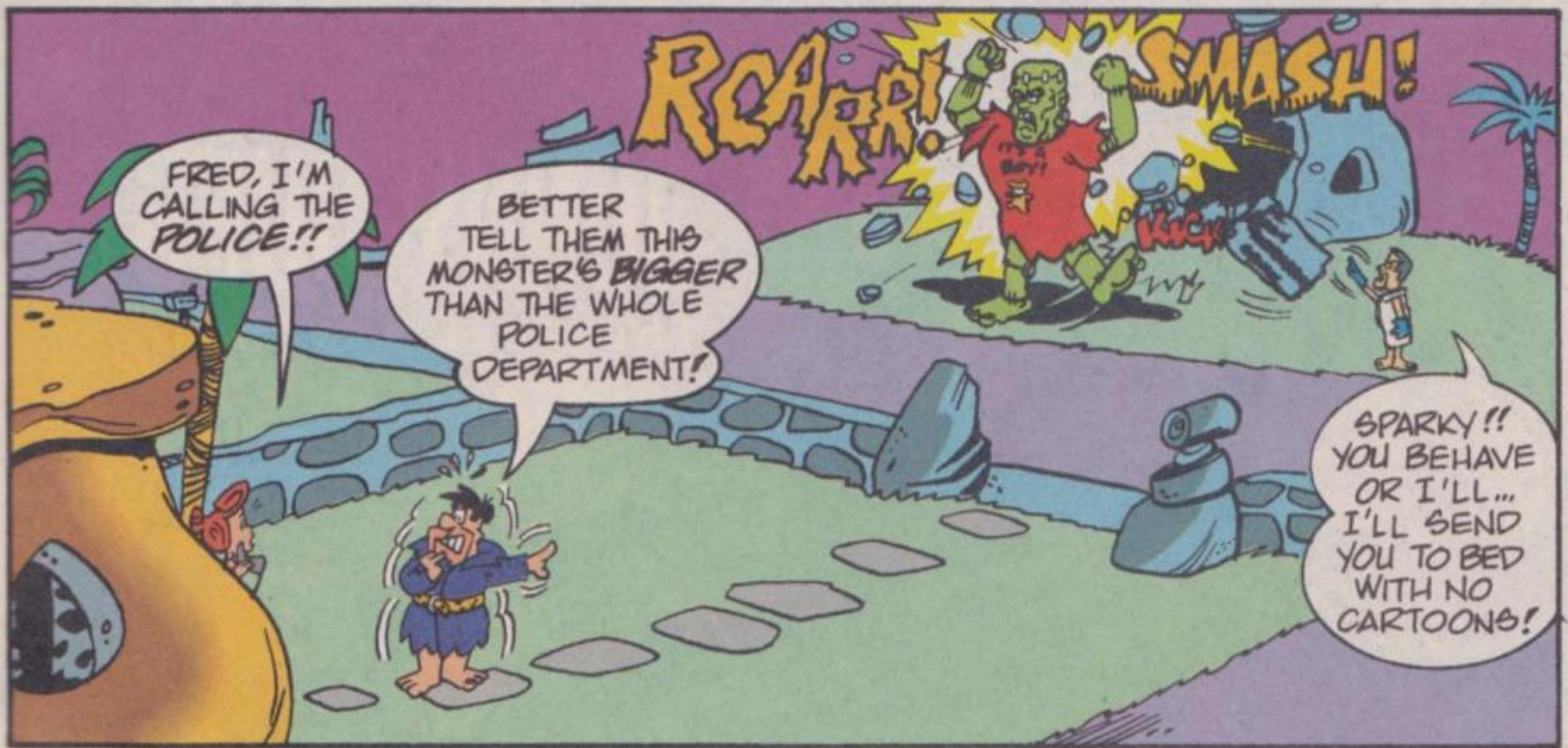
NO, NO... I'LL BE OKAY! NOBODY'S ALLOWED INSIDE BUT ME!

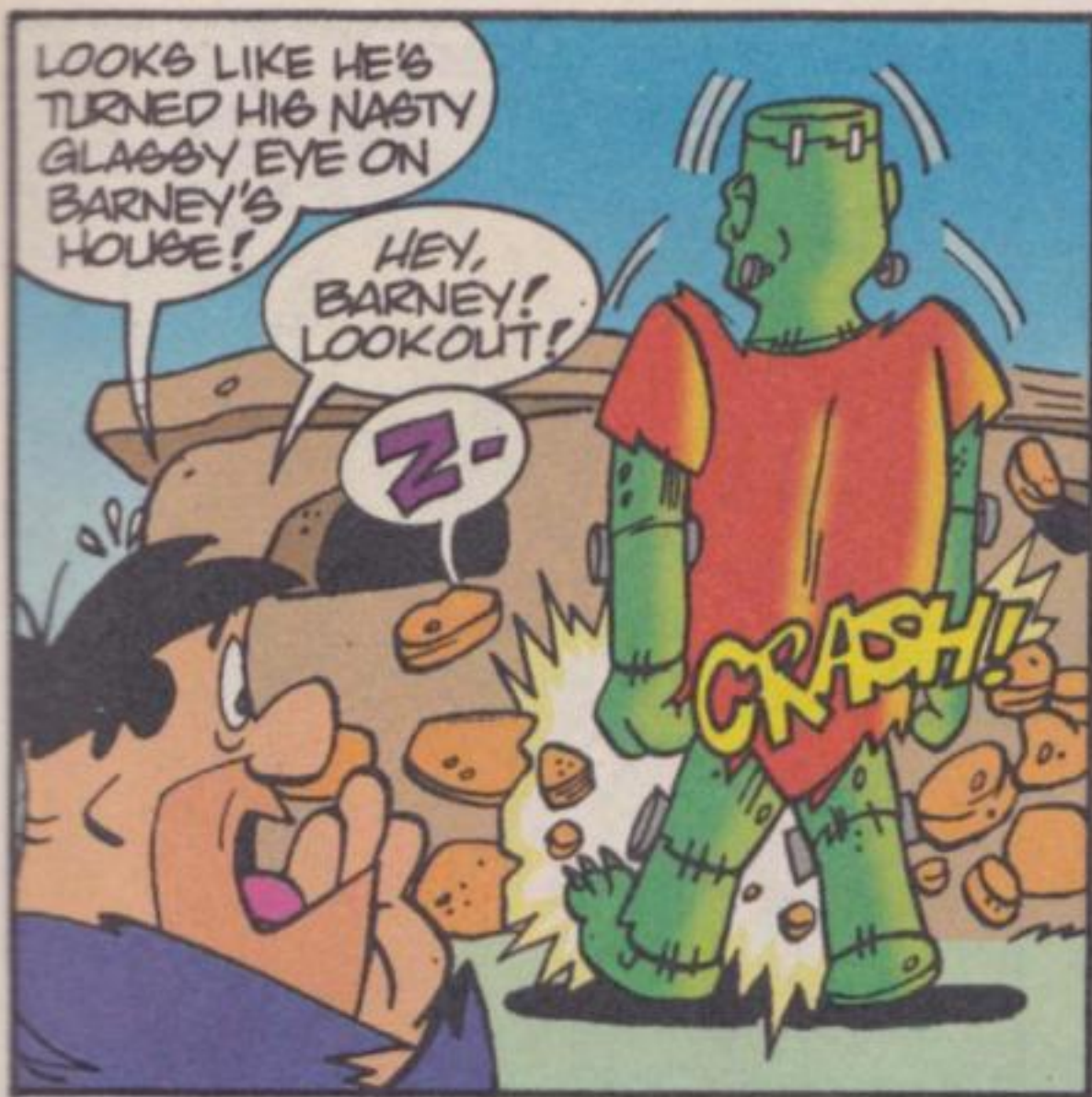
HEH! CONFIDENTIAL STUFF IN HERE!













MAYBE I CAN DISTRACT THE M-MONSTER, FRED!

WELL, HURRY!



I KNOW! I'LL KICK FRED'S TRASH CAN UNDER THE MONSTER'S FEET...

BRAVO FOR YOU, BARNEY!

BAW!

CLUNK!

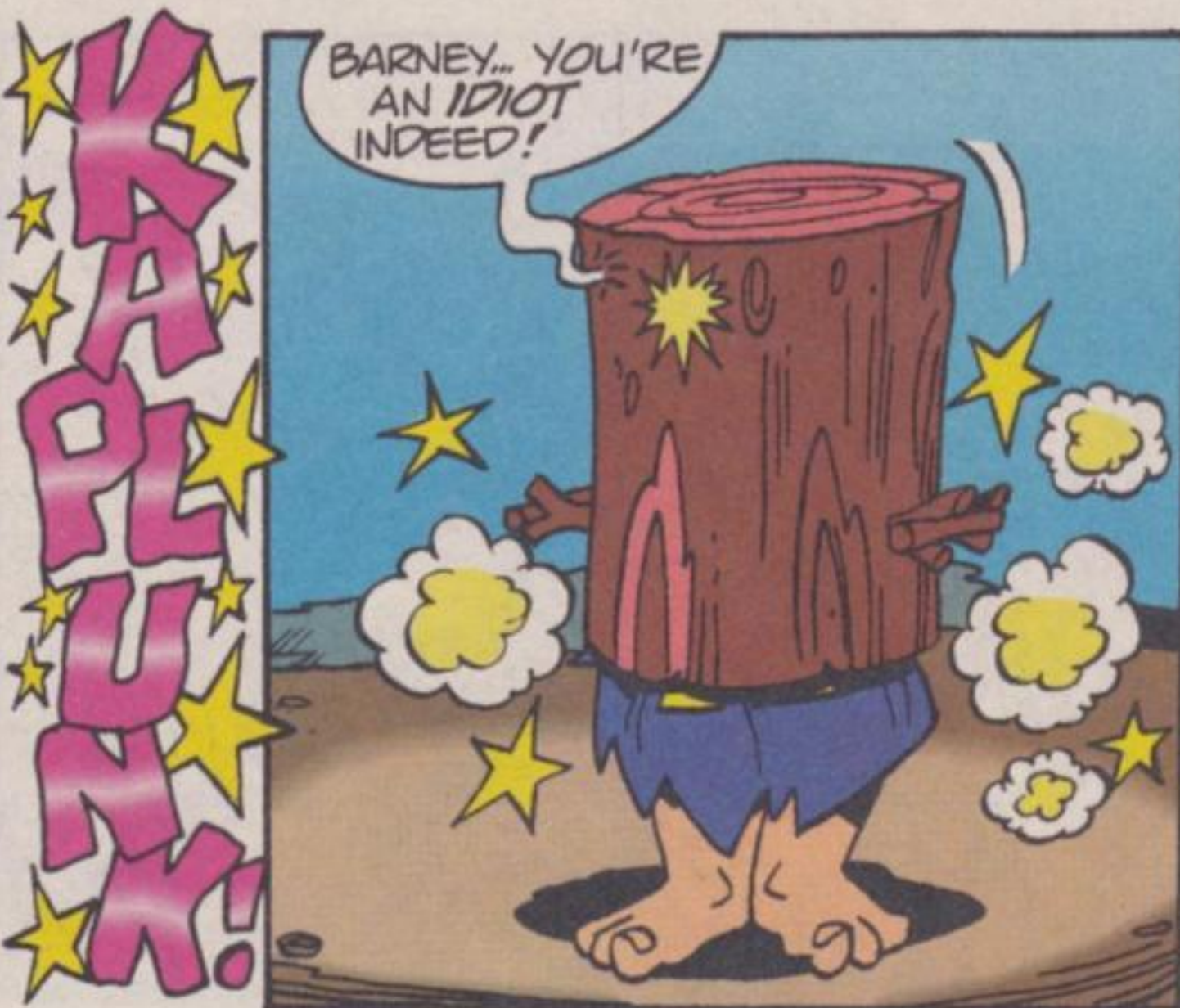
CLUNK!



HA-HA! THE HEFTIER THEY COME, THE HEAVIER THEY FALL!

FLIP!

YOU'RE A FRIEND INDEED, BARNEY!



BARNEY... YOU'RE AN IDIOT INDEED!

KA PLUNK!



GRRR!

GULP! YOU AGAIN! AND THE GOB OF GOO AGAIN, TOO! LIGH!

POP!



WELL, A GOB OF GOO TO YOU, SPARKY!

BLOP!

ARRGH!



AND NOW... FEET BEAT A LIGHTNING RETREAT!

KA BOOM!



AHA! THAT SAP FROM A RUBBER TREE THAT I THREW AWAY MUST ACT AS AN INSULATOR ON SPARKY'S ELECTRODES !!

CRACKLE!

SPUTTER!
SPUTT!

HUH?! THAT BOLT DIDN'T GO FOR HIS ELECTRODES!



YOU MEAN HE'S RUN OUT OF POWER?

YES! SIGH! WELL, I GUESS I'LL DISMANTLE HIM! HE'S NO EARTHLY GOOD!



LATER...

WHAT A NIGHT IT'S BEEN... WITH DR. FRANKENSTONE'S MONSTER!

OUT OF THIS WORLD, REALLY!

BUT WHAT A GREAT IDEA IT WOULD BE FOR A HORROR MOVIE!!



ARE YOU KIDDING, FRED?

NO WAY WOULD IT MAKE A MOVIE!

YEAH, WHO WOULD BELIEVE SUCH A STORY?

OKAY, OKAY! LET'S ALL GO TO BED!

FIN

THE FLINTSTONES

in

GUESTS OR PESTS

SLATE QUARRY

WHAT?!

ALL THE HOTELS IN TOWN ARE BOOKED BECAUSE OF THE BIG ROCK CONCERT?!

HMM? WHAT'S MR. SLATE SO FIRED UP ABOUT?

EURY-DIAZ STUDIO

BUT THE ROOFERS ARE SCHEDULED TO START WORK THIS AFTERNOON, DEAR.

WHERE ARE WE GOING TO STAY TONIGHT?

HEY...

HERE'S A CHANCE TO SCORE SOME POINTS WITH THE BOSS--

-- MAYBE IMPRESS HIM SO MUCH, HE'LL GIMME A RAISE!

AHEM... UH, 'SCUSE ME, MR. SLATE...?



WANDA, THE WAY YOU'VE DECORATED YOUR LIVING ROOM IS SO...SO...QUAINT.

IT SUITS US JUST FINE, MRS. SLATE... AND BY THE WAY, MY NAME IS WILMA.

OF COURSE, VELMA, DARLING...



BUT DON'T YOU FRET, WINONA--

--ONCE THE HELP BRINGS IN OUR BELONGINGS, YOU'LL FIND YOUR LITTLE...DWELLING WILL LOOK QUITE CIVILIZED.

OOOH...



NO, DINO, NO!

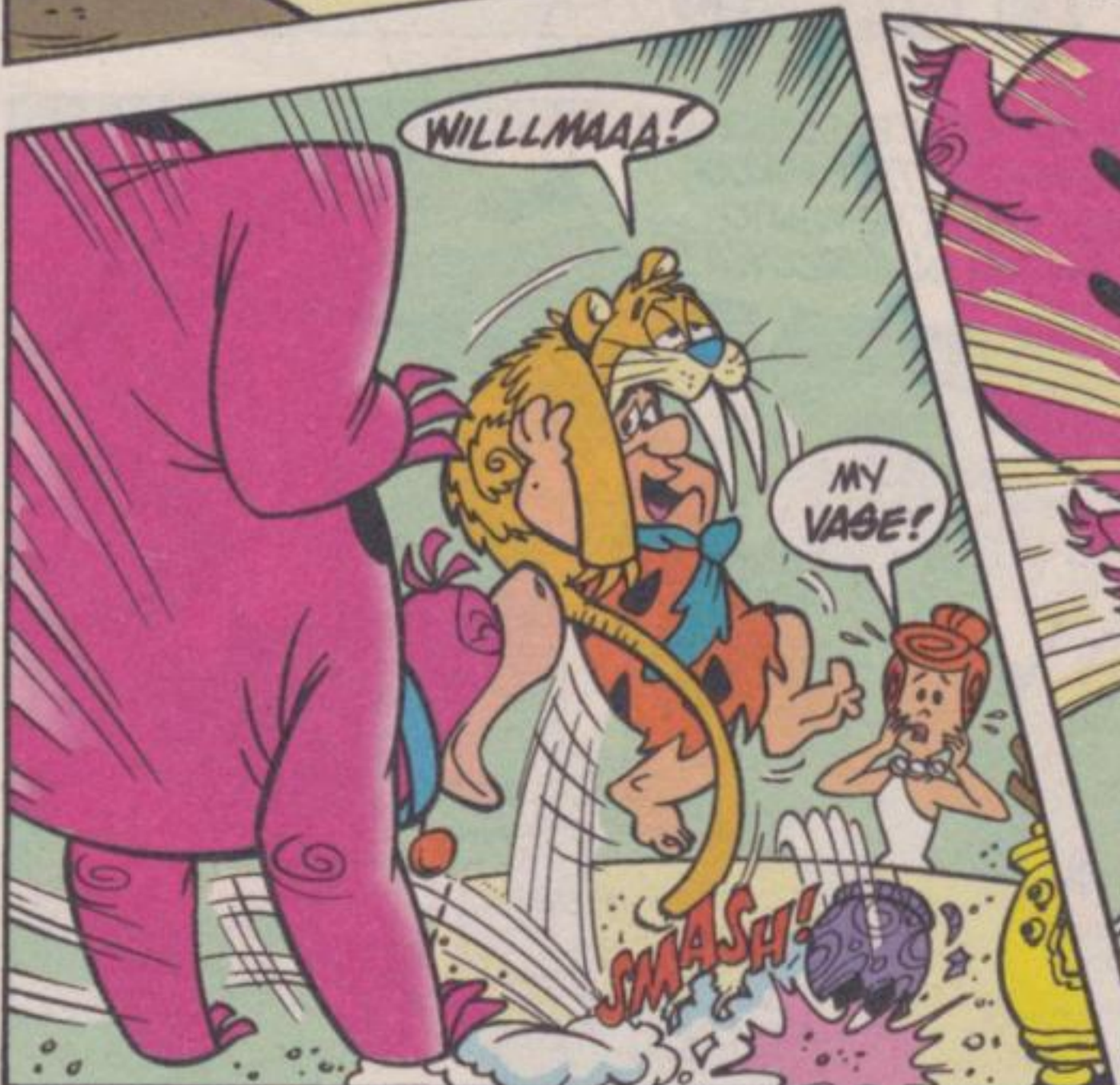
FLINTSTONE, DON'T LET THAT BEAST HARM MY RUG!

ARBARBARA-BARBAR!



WILLMAAA!

MY VASE!



CHOMP!

YEOW!

KEESH!





YIP YIP
YIP YIP!

NO, DINO,
THAT'S
DADDY...

THANK
GOODNESS,
MY RUG IS
OKAY!

FRED, I'VE GOT A
BAD FEELING ABOUT
THE SLATES
STAYING HERE...

AW, WILMA,
IT'S JUST FOR
ONE NIGHT.
HOW MUCH
WORSE CAN
IT GET...?



THAT NIGHT...



'HOW MUCH WORSE
CAN IT GET?' :SHEESH:
ME AN' MY BIG MOUTH!

STOP COMPLAINING,
FRED. YOU'LL WAKE
PEBBLES.

AND LIKE YOU
SAID, IT'S JUST
FOR ONE NIGHT

THEY EVEN
TOOK OUR
BEDROOM!

NEXT MORNING...



DING-A-LING-
A-RING!

ZZZZZ!



DING-A-LING-
A-RING!

ZZZZZ...
SNORT...
...HMM?



FLINTSTONE!

WHI-WHI-
WHAT?!

IT'S 6:30 AM, FLINTSTONE!
MRS. SLATE AND I EXPECT
BREAKFAST IN BED AT
THIS TIME EVERY MORNING!

YES, AND PUH-
LEASE HURRY.
I HAVE A PEDI-
CURE SCHEDULED
AT 8:00, AND I
MUSTN'T BE
LATE.

Ding-a-
Ding!



HERE YA GO, MR. AND MRS. SLATE!
PTERODACTYL EGGS, SUNNY SIDE UP,
AND HOT COFFEE.

I CAN'T EAT
EGGS, FLINT-
STONE-- THEY
SEND MY
CHOLESTEROL
SKY-HIGH!

PERCOLATED
COFFEE? EWWW,
HOW PRIMITIVE!
I MUST HAVE A
DOUBLE GRAVEL-
BERRY LATTE.



SERVE US SOMETHING ELSE, AND
MAKE IT SNAPPY, FLINTSTONE-- TIME
IS MONEY!

OW!
OWW!

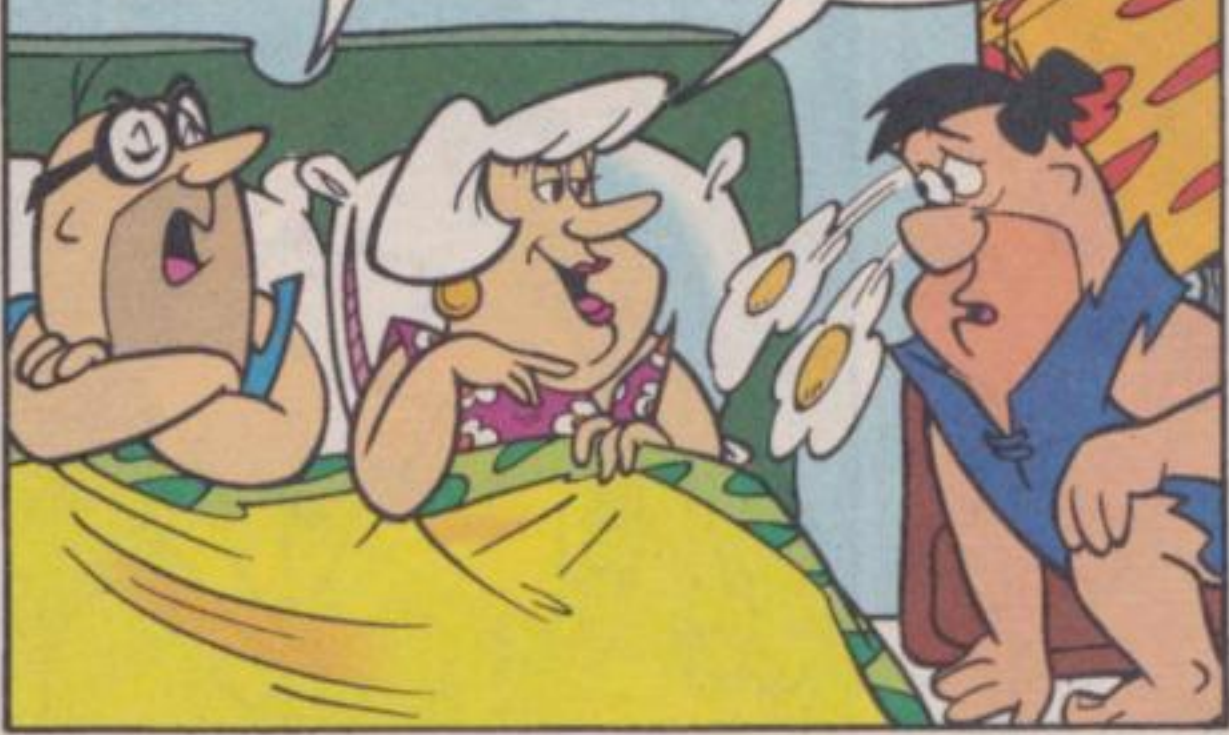


!HARLUMPH! THE SERVICE
HERE IS DEPLORABLE!



OH, BY THE WAY,
FLINTSTONE-- OUR
ROOFERS JUST
CALLED. THEIR UNION
HAS GONE ON
STRIKE!

SO, WE'LL BE
STAYING HERE FOR
AT LEAST
SEVERAL WEEKS.



SOON...

NO WAY! IT'S
OUT OF THE
QUESTION!

B-B-BUT, WILMA,
HONEY... SLATE'S MY
BOSS. WHAT AM I
SUPPOSED TO
DO--

--PUT ON
THEIR NEW
ROOF
MYSELF?







NEXT MORNING...

THERE... ALL DONE.



FRED-- YOU'RE HOME!

YABBA-DABBA-DOO, WILMA! THE ROOF IS FINISHED-- MEANIN' NO MORE HOUSEGUESTS!

JUST WAIT TILL THE BOSS HEARS WHAT I DID FOR HIM!



MORNIN', FOLKS. YAWN! HERE'S YOUR BREAKFAST IN BED, RIGHT ON TIME!

AND HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU!

AND WE HAVE SOME NEWS FOR YOU, FLINTSTONE!



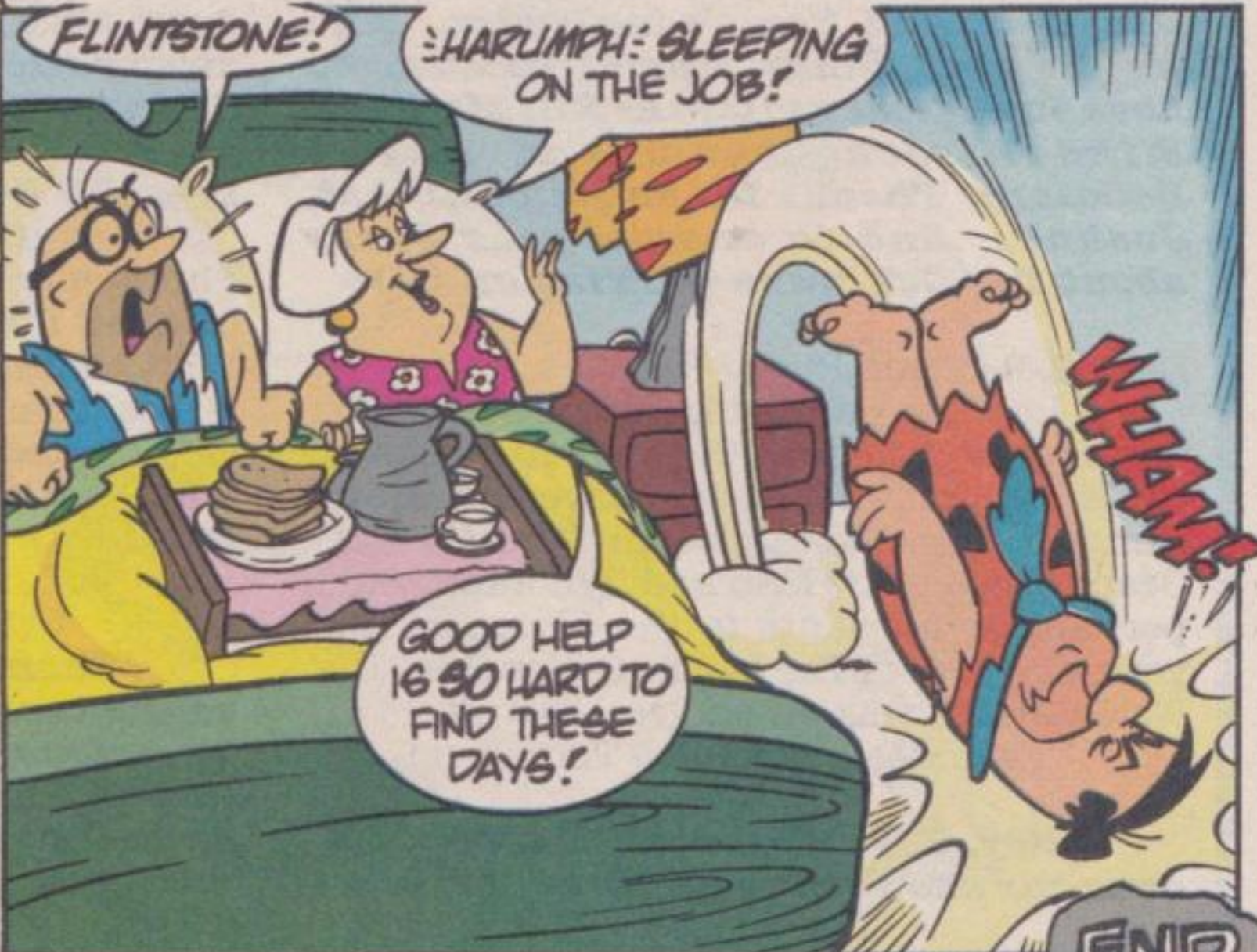
--MRS. SLATE AND I WILL BE LEAVING YOU TODAY.

HUH...? HOW'D THEY KNOW ABOUT ME FIXIN' THEIR ROOF?

WE MET WITH OUR ROCK ESTATE BROKER LAST NIGHT... WE'VE FOUND A NEW HOME! SO WE'RE SELLING OUR OLD CAVE!

I'M SURE YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO MOVE OUR THINGS INTO OUR NEW PLACE TODAY! AFTER WORK, THAT IS!

SELLING? MOVING? ALL THAT WORK?



FLINTSTONE!

HARUMPH! SLEEPING ON THE JOB!

GOOD HELP IS SO HARD TO FIND THESE DAYS!

END.

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THE FLINTSTONES

in The GYMNAST

SHAME ON YOU!
GROWNUPS AREN'T
ALLOWED TO PLAY
ON OUR DISPLAY
GYMSET, SIR!

WHO'S
PLAYING?!
I'M STUCK
IN THESE
MONKEY
BARS!

Tee-Hee!

Abba-
Dabba-
Doo,
Dada!

TOY
DEPT.

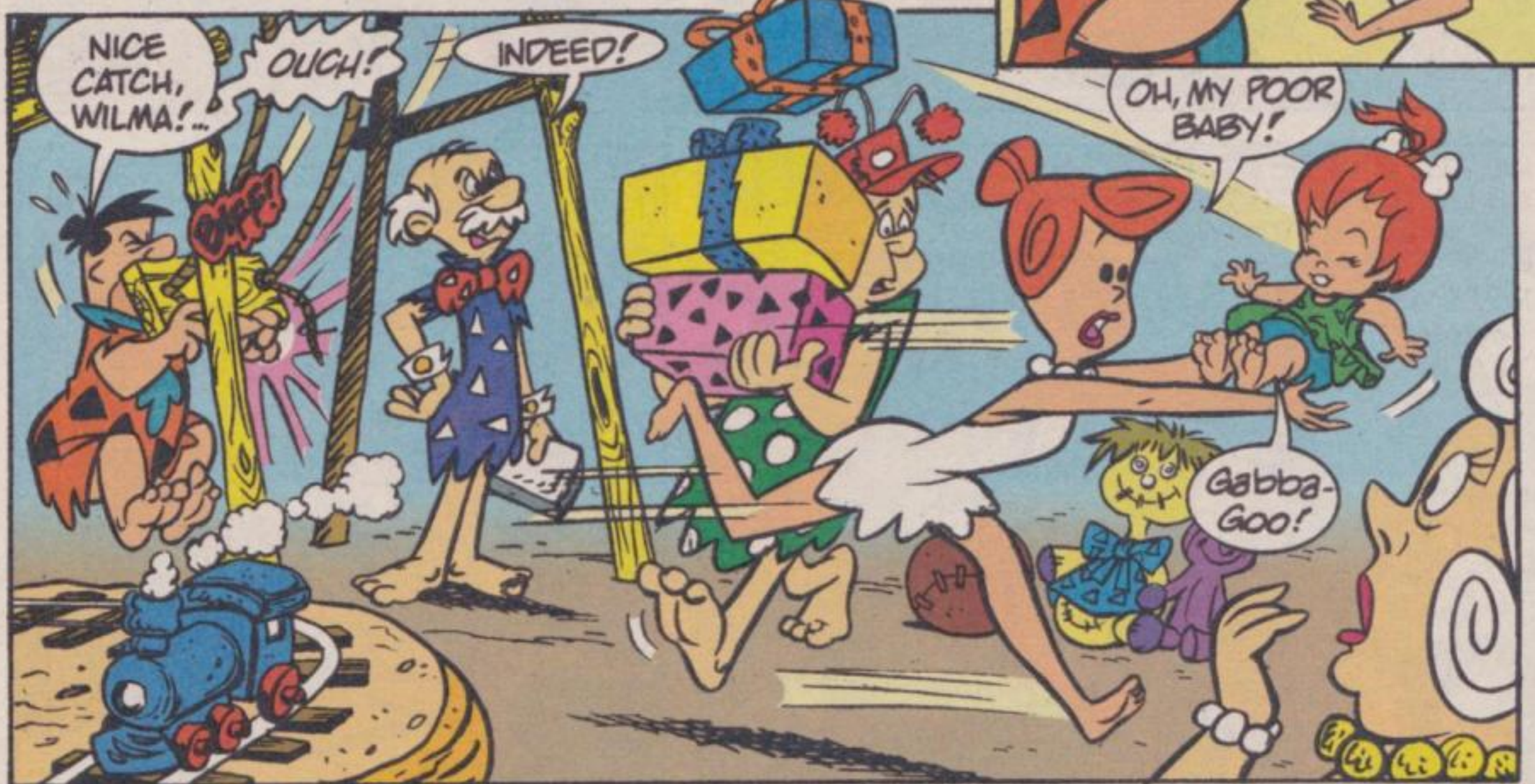
LOCKMAN-CARSON-SAICHANN

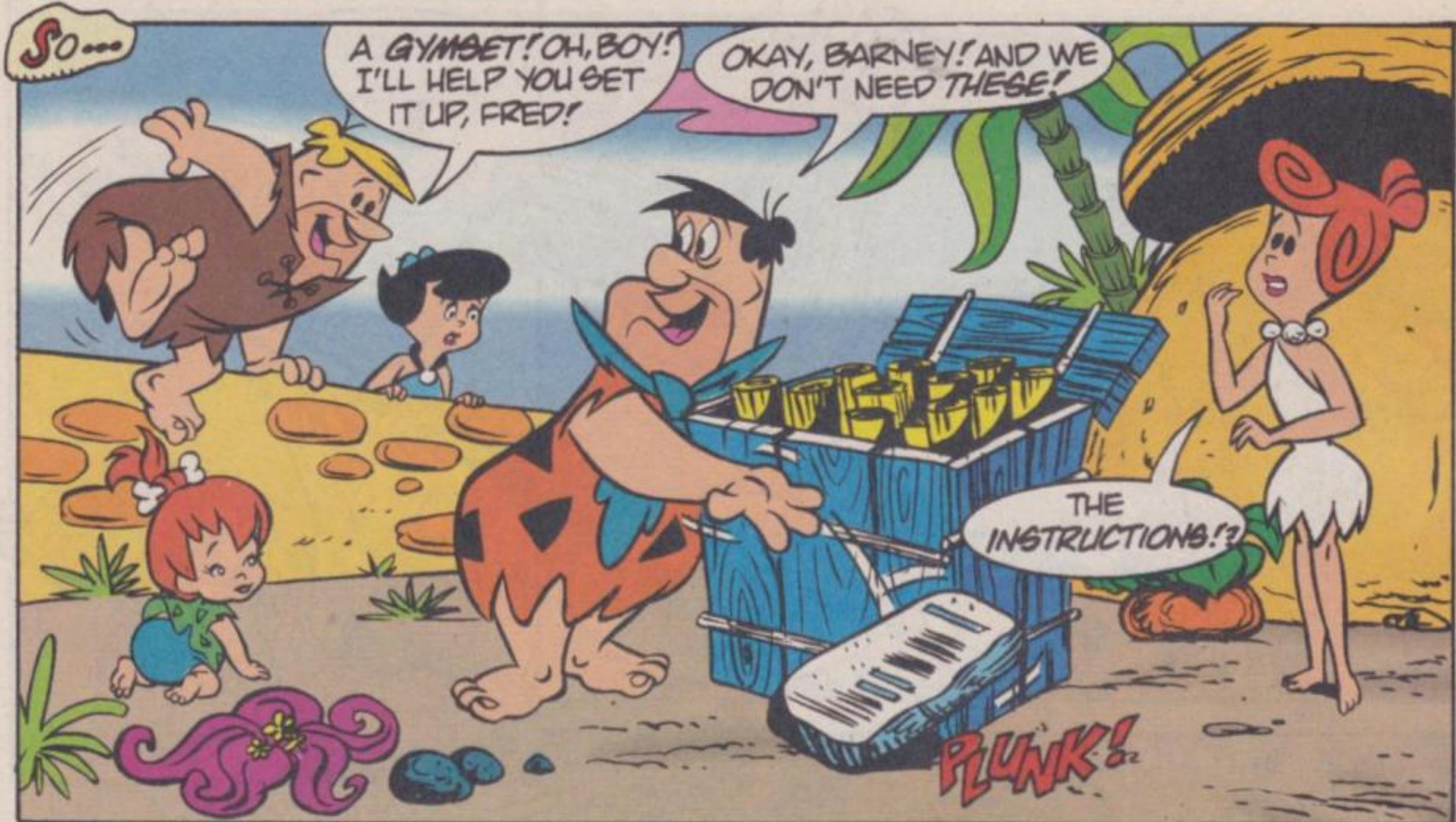
CHILDREN
ONLY, SIR!

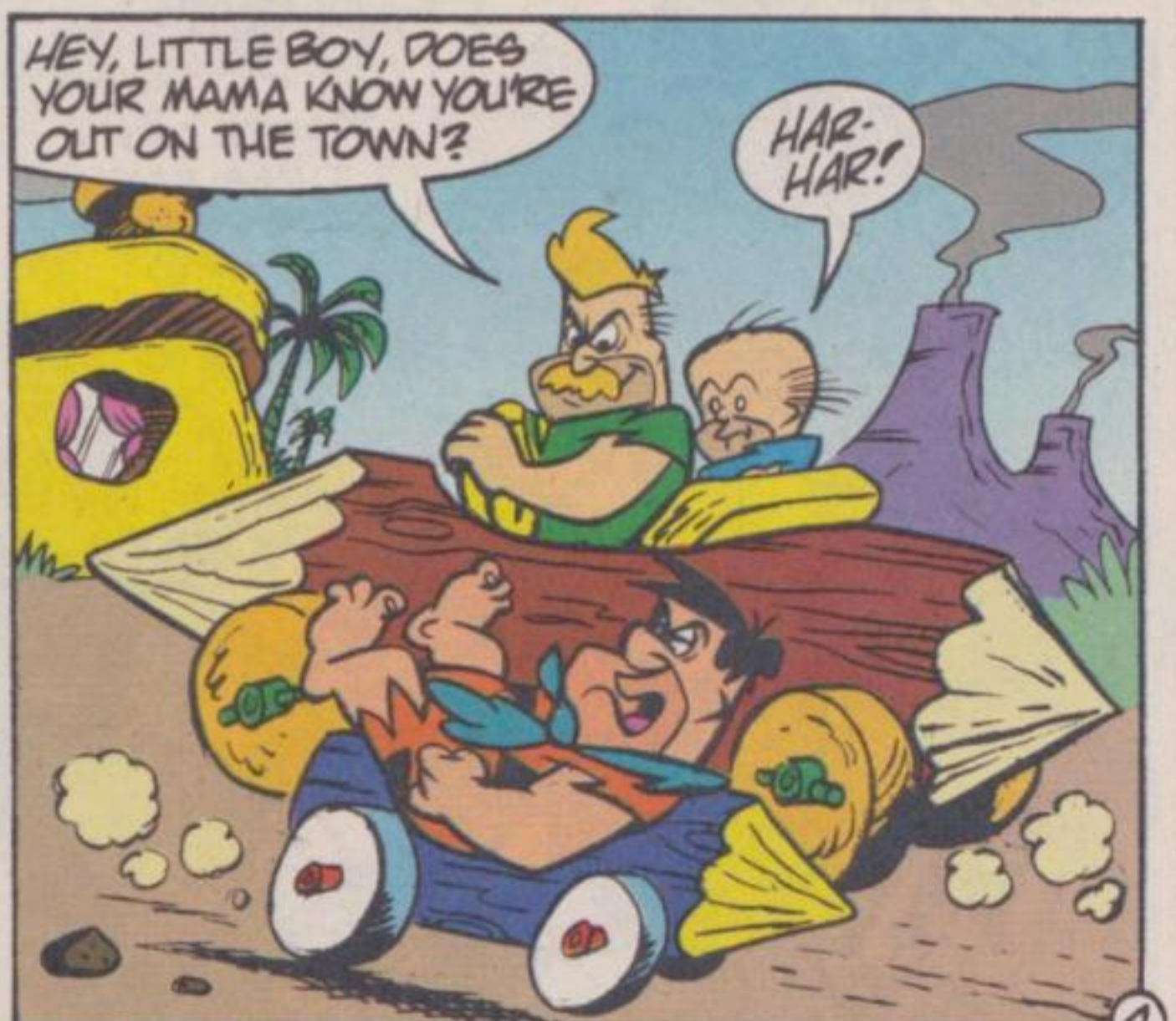
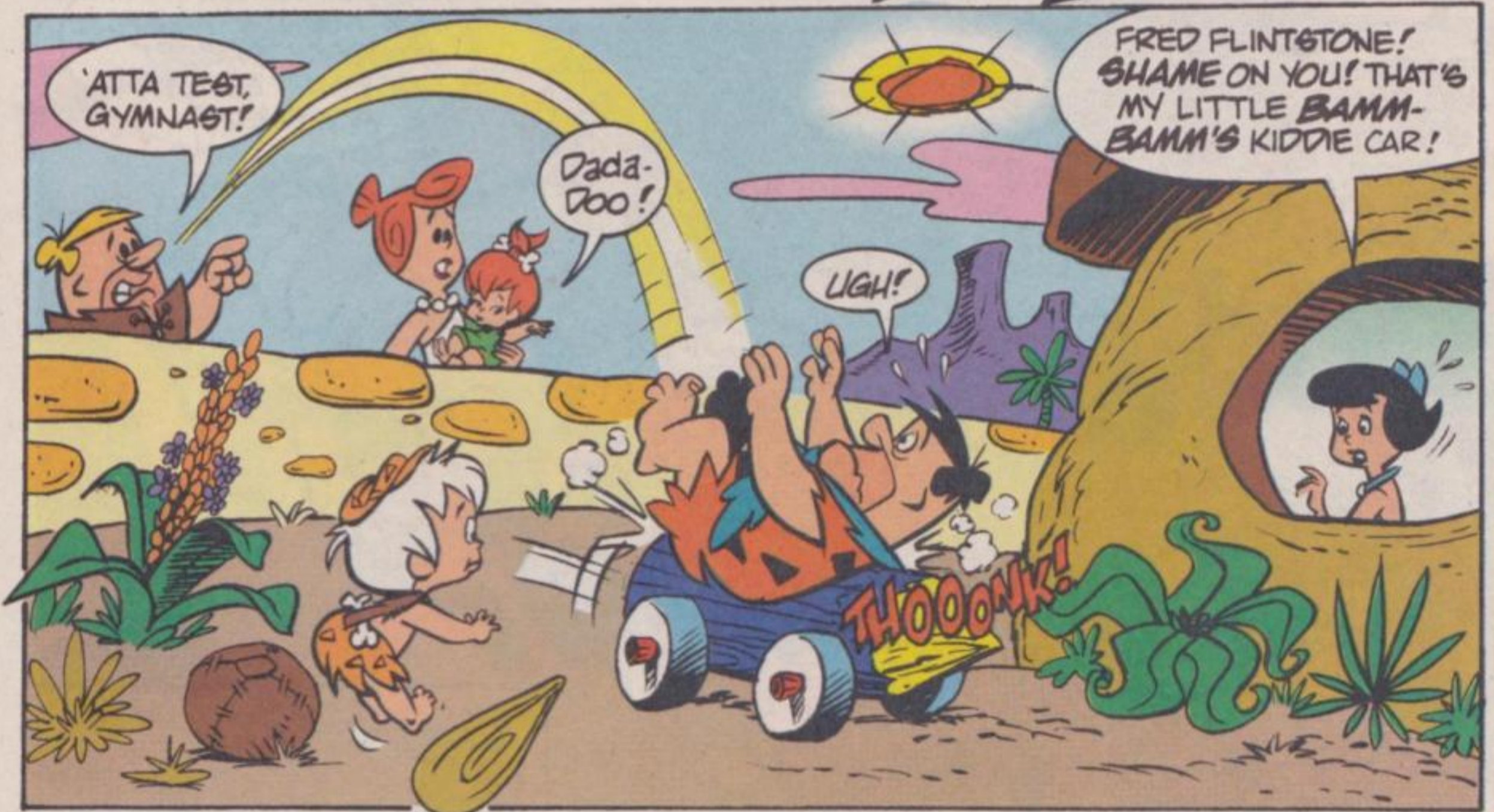
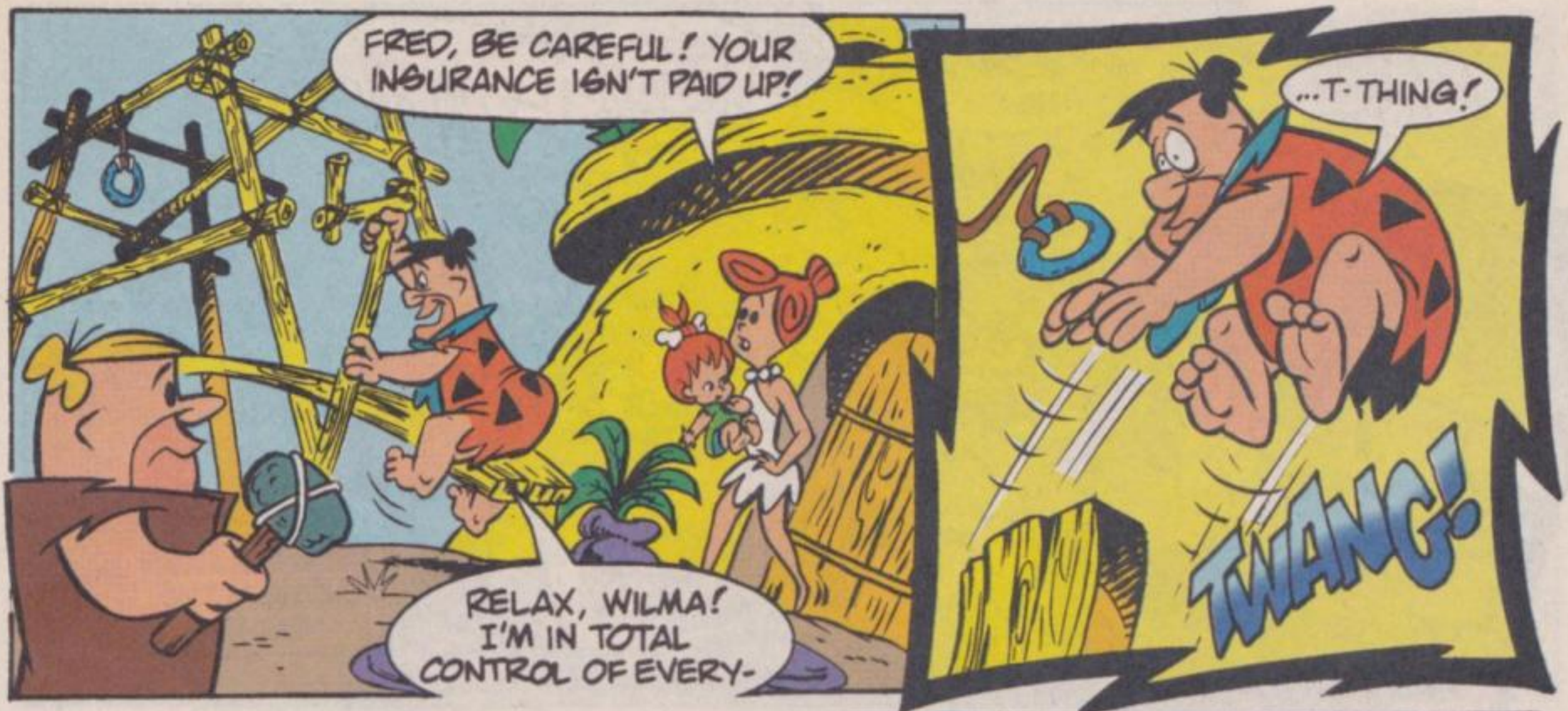
EMPH!!

OKAY, THEN...I'LL GIVE PEBBLES A RIDE
ON THIS KIDDIE SWING! IF SHE LIKES IT,
THIS SET WILL BE HER BIRTHDAY
PRESENT!

Da-Da
Doo!







FRED, THERE'S A DIP AHEAD!

CORRECTION! FRED IS THE DIP IN ALL THIS!

DADDY! IS THAT A SHOOTING STAR?

Y-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I!

LOOKS MORE LIKE A FALLING FLAKE TO ME, SON!

FRED'S THE HILLROCK STREET TERROR! LOOK AT HIM ZOOM!

FOR THIS I'M THANKFUL... HILLROCK STREET DOESN'T GO ON FOREVER!

EEK!

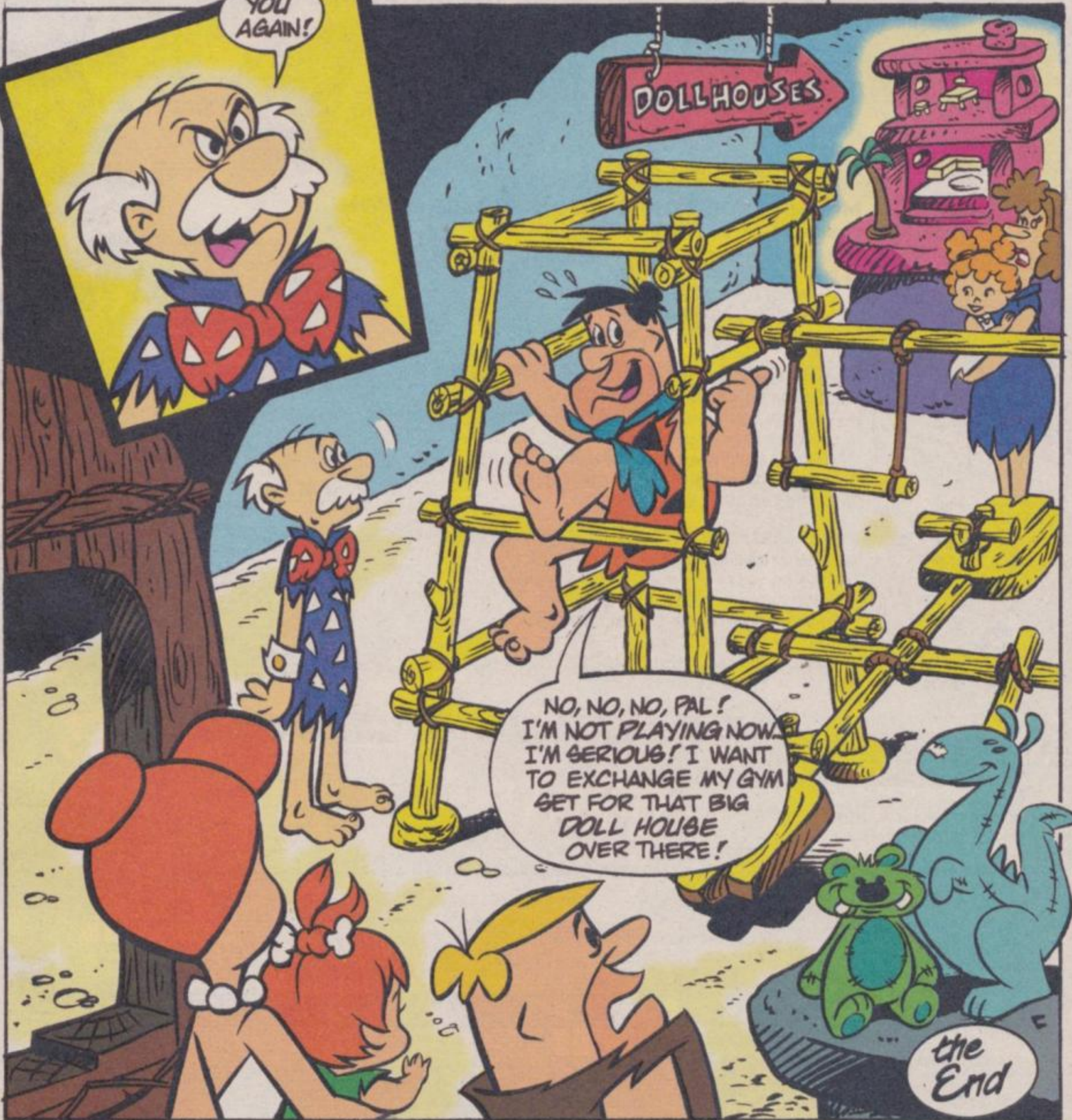
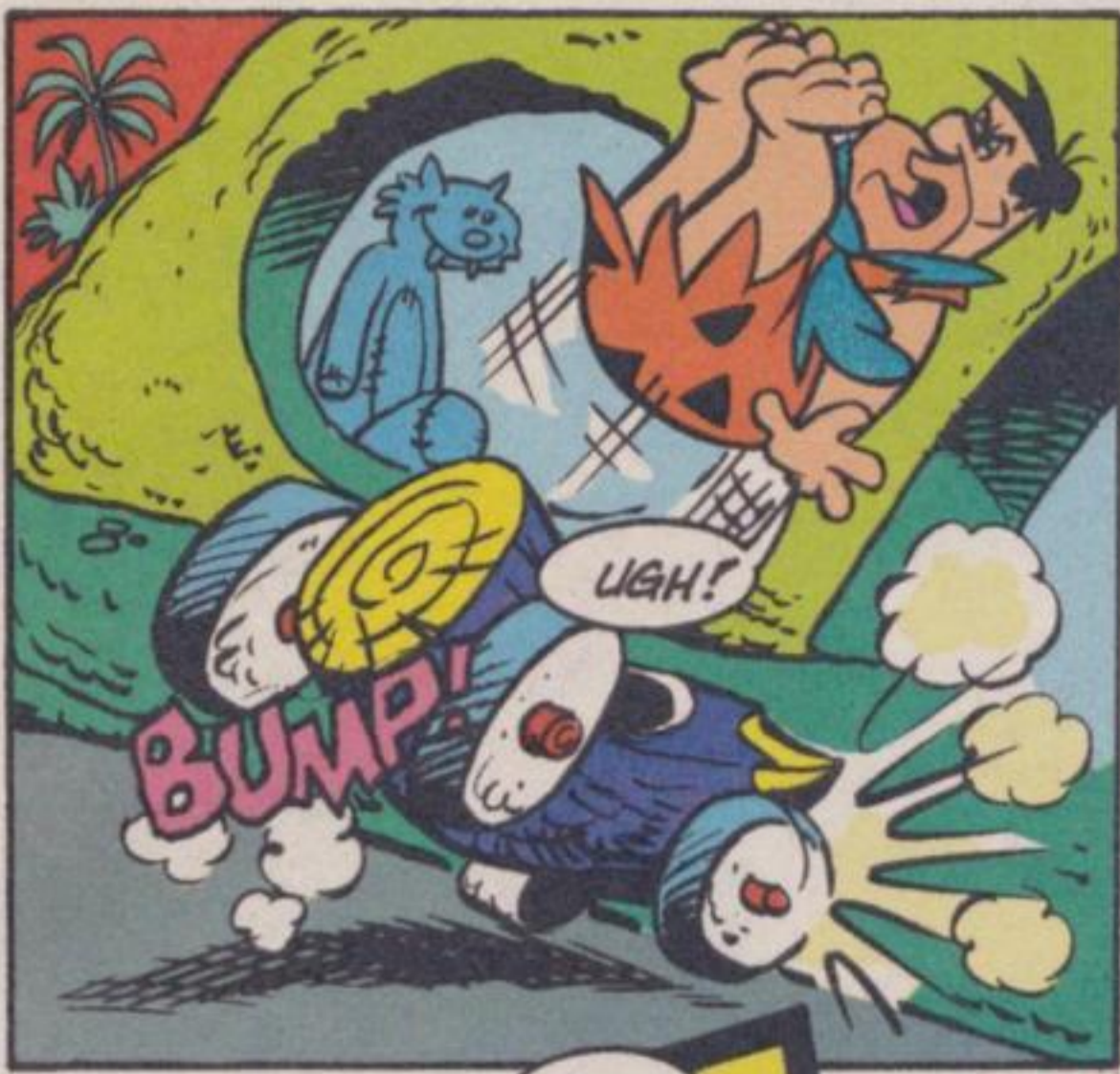
FWEET!

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN IT'S BETTER NOT TO LOOK!

SULP!! I JUST HOPE I DO!

SWOOSH!

PSST!



NO, NO, NO, PAL!
I'M NOT PLAYING NOW.
I'M SERIOUS! I WANT
TO EXCHANGE MY GYM
SET FOR THAT BIG
DOLL HOUSE
OVER THERE!

the
End